BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Sir William Johnson

Another Volume of Buell's "Historic Lives" Series.

THE latest volume in the series of "Historic Lives" published by the Appletons is "Sir William Johnson," by Augustus C. Buell, whose biography of Paul Jones remains one of the best works of its kind which we have. He has treated the life of Johnson in much the same comprehensive yet concise fashion. Readers of historical novels dealing with colonial history during the eighteenth century will have made the acquaintance of this remarkable character, whose influence over the Indian tribes of the Middle States was greater than that of any other man of his day. He was, in fact, one of the most picturesque personages of our history, and in some ways one of the finest. In a time when the "painted Indian divil" was regarded by most of the colonists with justified horror and apprehension, he dared to be the Indian's friend. He was about the only leader of men among the English colonists who found it also worth his while to be straightforward with the Indians, William Penn being perhaps the second exception to the rule.

Mr. Buell quotes a speech made by Montour, a French half-breed speaking for the Senecas, which gives a good idea of the esteem in which the Indians held Johnson, and also of the reasons therefor. Montour said:

"Our nation is hard to control. There are many good Senecas, and also many bad ones. But all love Colonel Johnson, all believe what he says, and all—good and bad alike—will listen to his words and have faith in his promises. His tongue is not forked. He always speaks with one tongue. In peace he was like a fertile field that raised corn and pumpkins and melons. In war he was like a tree that grew for us to bear fruit, but now seems to be falling down, though it has many roots sunk deep in the soil of our affection, our confidence, and our esteem. His knowledge of our affairs, our laws, and our language made us think he was not like other white men, but an Indian like ourselves. * * * Please tell the King, if you write to him, that we want Colonel Johnson over us, and no one else. He has keen ears and hears a great deal, and what he hears he tells to us truthfully. He also has sharp eyes, and sees a long way ahead, and conceals nothing from us."

This is an early illustration of the fact which most men connected with Indian affairs have since discovered—that the way to get along with Indians is to win their confidence by telling the truth, and that their confidence, once won, is hard to disturb. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME AND HIS CAMPAIGN

A Book By Alfred Hodder, in Which the Author Hits Straight From the Shoulder.

"A FIGHT FOR THE CITY," by Alfred Hodder, is a concise, graphic, and picturesque account of the New York election in which William Travers Jerome played a leading part; in which, indeed, from Mr. Hodder's statement, he occupied the center of the stage all the time. Adherents of Mr. Jerome will pronounce this a "rattling good book;" his opponents will be quite as hearty in their objection to it, for it comes near being a campaign document for the use of that energetic champion of reform. However, it is an interesting piece of work from any point of view.

Certainly No "Fake."

Mr. Hodder knows his material personally, having been closely associated with the reform leaders throughout that memorable period of reconstruction, and whatever criticism may be made on his book, it certainly cannot be admitted that he has "faked" anything. He has quoted his leader literally, as he was quoted in the newspapers at the time, and heard by thousands of people in New York itself, and whatever deductions he draws from these speeches may be accepted or rejected as the reader chooses. The author is known as a clever novelist on his own account, but better known as the co-author with Josiah Flynt of "Powers That Prey," a brilliant study of criminal life, which appeared some two years ago, and he gives account of his own somewhat curious experience in connection with this election, when he underwent a change of convictions on the subject of practical politics. He says:

"It happened that I had written in my academic days a book directed against both skepticism and so-called idealism in philosophy. In the interest of the realism of the man of science, and of the plain man; a book which was essentially a plea for loyalty, even in metaphysics, and even, for reasons strictly metaphysical, to truth and fact. The principles of that book I was intending to illustrate further with reference to literary criticism, and with reference to politics in the United States. The volume on politics had been planned already; it was to have begun with a defense, although a qualified defense, of Tammany; it was to have continued with an attack upon so-called reformers, and to have concluded with the exposition of a system of reform quite different from theirs—a system of loyalty to truth and fact. A living man is of more interest than any system, and an experiment than any theory. I found myself recording a campaign instead of elaborating the book I had projected, or even plying my more immediate trade of novelist."

Perhaps as good a pen portrait of Mr. Jerome as there is in the book is to be found in one of the earlier chapters. Mr. Hodder says:

"The candidate's legend was too good to be true; acording to report, he was too disinterested; he was too reckless; he was incredible; he was a superlatively clever demagogue, or a fanatic, or a faker, or anything else you please. But the average voter in the United States is quite as expert in men as in promises and rhetoric; and face to face the candidate was unmistakable a hardy, offhand, athletic, pugnacious man of forty, who wanted his cocktail and highball, and a seat in a game of poker, and said from the platform exactly what he would have said and had said a hundred times to a group of friends about a table in an up-town club; though he was also unmistakably more desperately in earnest than in up-town clubs, it is the fashion to appear. 'I have lived forty-two years,' he once said in conversation, 'and a man of that age who is not willing to stand or fall by his judgments, and to speak them out, must have the backbone of a jellyfish, or else be an absolute fool.' He told the 'plain people' what he thought, and what he felt, and what he was willing and what he was not willing to do, as simply as if they were intimates and friends; he dealt with them as with intimates and friends; he trusted them, and they returned the compliment—as I believe they always do. In the United States, I fancy, ninety-nine men fail of their heart's desire from being astutely politic for one that fails from being reverently faithful to his convictions and reverently bold."

Bare, Bald Truth.

The last sentence is bare, bald truth. It is not half so necessary to be foxy in this world as it is to be straightforward, as Bismarck, and Mr. Roosevelt, and a few other long-headed men have found out. Mr. Hodder might have added that the very people who will warn a man of the fearful consequences of doing something or other, and refuse to countenance his doing it, will be his most devoted followers when he has done it in spite of them. A great many good people are so afraid of being misunderstood that they are misunderstood a great deal more than they would be if they went straight ahead without explaining themselves. It would save a great deal of time and trouble if every man would take it for granted that his neighbor understands him quite as well as he understands his neighbor, if not a little better, and can see through a subterfuge or an evasion quite as easily.

The first thing that Mr. Jerome did which attracted really widespread attention was his address to a woman's meeting up in the well-to-do districts, composed of ladies who had announced their intention, somewhat late, of taking part in the campaign; and that address tickled the hearts of a good many thousands of men who would have liked to say the same thing themselves on occasions. It is a fact that women, of the kind whom he addressed, have no business in politics, and that women in general, unless they are to have the suffrage and take the matter seriously, do more harm than good, precisely because they are women. Their presence introduces a complex and irresponsible influence, which cannot be counted upon or controlled. The introduction of universal suffrage would really be less mischievous than the irresponsible working of women only half-educated in politics, for ends which they only half understand. Mr. Jerome saw the situation as a sensible man naturally would, and he was brave. He told them the honest truth. Many people will remember reading it with mingled emotions at the time.

Keep Above Fourteenth Street.

"The first thing to do in a matter of this kind," he said, "is to get rid of a lot of nonsense. A very good friend of mine came to me the other day to tell me that there is a proposition on foot to organize the women of the city to work for the Fusion ticket. They are to go into the laborers' homes, to do canvassing, to distribute literature, to prove themselves in general a great force in this campaign. I told him in the name of God to keep those women above Fourteenth Street; and I tell you the same thing now. The people below Fourteenth Street have a pride to the full as great as your own; they are not asking for charity; they are asking for justice; and as for instruction, they are more competent to give it you than you are to give it them. The women below Fourteenth Street have forgotten more about politics than in all likelihood you will ever learn. To them politics is not an abstraction, it is not a thing that they read about in books and in an editorial in the 'Evening Post;' it is a part of the gossip and business of their day.

"Talk to an East Side audience, and you don't need to explain a political situation with diagrams. You can't go down into their homes to work; you can't go down in a rustle of fine clothes and say to a woman who works or to the wife of a man who works: 'Won't you please get your sweetheart or your husband to vote for Mr. Low? I know he is the best man, and here is a pamphlet that tells all about it. I have not read all of the pamphlet, and I am not sure what a good deal that I have read means, but I know that it is true. But please have your sweetheart or husband vote for Mr. Low anyhow!' You would lose more votes in ten minutes in a big tenement house than we can gain in a week. Your interest in city politics, and that of so-called decent people generally, has come too late; you do not know what you are talking about; you are perfect children about what is happening in this city. There are only two helpful things you ladies can do. It is too late for you to do any real work in politics in this campaign; it is too late for you to learn how; but it is not too late for you to raise money. There are a great many men on the East Side and elsewhere who know what you do not, and who would be glad to work for a decent city, and who cannot, because they have families to support and are dependent on their daily work for their daily bread. Help us to get the money to pay those men to go out and work for us in the homes of people they know, of people whose lives they share, and whose language they speak, and you will be doing the only thing in your power of service to us at the moment. After the campaign, and for the rest of your lives, there is one thing more that you can do, and that is to clean your own homes, and to keep them clean, before you undertake to clean the homes of the people below Fourteenth Street. I know, and you know, what society in the brownstone districts and in Newport is; there is abundant missionary work cut out for you right there in conditions that you are familiar with and understand.

Look to Your Own Doorstep.

"Before you women set out to clean other people's homes, clean your own homes; before you talk of coming below Fourteenth Street to make the men there vote right, make your own men vote right; in the meantime leave the district below Fourteenth Street to the management of the people living below Fourteenth Street; they are quite able to take care of themselves."

This may seem rough talk, and some have argued from the way in which the audience took it, that women like to be bullied. This is not exactly correct. When they are in earnest, they like to be told the truth, and they are too often put off with pretty lies.

When Mr. Hodder leaves Mr. Jerome, however, and seeks to analyze the Anglo-Saxon character, he gets himself somewhat tangled up. He begins by denouncing what he calls the administrative lie, meaning by this the statement of certain ideals in the form of law, when it is impossible for the law to be enforced. The plea which he makes is for the recognition of the actual state of affairs, and the framing of laws which can be enforced; and he seems to think it is hypocritical for the Anglo-Saxon to try to pull the community up to an ideal which it cannot reach. Along with the administrative lie he places such catchwords as have led men to battle; for instance, liberty, equality and fraternity, this nation cannot exist half slave and half free, and so on. This is illogical and misleading and absurd.

It is undoubtedly right to frame the laws so that they shall not be dead letters on the statute books. That is common sense. But to laugh at what Mr. Hodder calls decorative phrases, while still admitting their usefulness, is ridiculous. Christ said, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

Nobody with ordinary reason supposes that it is possible for this command to be perfectly obeyed. We all do things that we do not wish others to do to us; and yet it remains true that this is the only absolutely trustworthy rule of conduct. There is a difference between a battlecry and a law on the statute books. The one represents an ideal; the other a policy. In some cases the idealist pulls the community up to his level.

A Change in Sentiment.

Nobody thinks now that a nation could exist half slave and half free; yet fifty years ago many were earnestly declaring that it could. The idealist is ahead of his time, that is all. His ideals may be possible to realize, or they may not. Mr. Hodder declares the phrase "all men are born free and equal" to be merely decorative and thrilling; yet is not the career of his idol, Mr. Jerome, a strong proof that this saying is a good deal nearer the truth than some people have supposed? Has he not proved that the plain man, as a voter, is about equal in sense and self-governing power to the man of the brownstone districts? If not, then Mr. Hodder's book is all out of plumb.

It is always a question, moreover, how far a bad state of things may be recognized by law without the effect of protection. Public opinion is not a fixed thing; it is movable and changeable. Evil kept down and discouraged by too strict law is at least preferable to evil strutting in the open, pointing to the protection afforded it by too lax law. The limit is passed, however, when there is general recognition of the fact that the law was never meant to be kept, and that seems to have been the case in certain parts of the metropolis. In fact, this book might very well have been called "The Rottenness of New York," so emphatic are the statements of the corruption and degradation of official circles in that city.

Whether one agrees with the conclusions of this book or not, it cannot be denied that the author hits straight from the shoulder and is tremendously interested in his subject—two good points for any book. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

A New Bird Book.

A Discussion of the Feathered Tribe's Relation to Man.

"BIRDS IN THEIR RELATION TO MAN" is a new book about birds, by Clarence M. Weed, professor of zoology and entomology in the New Hampshire College of Agriculture, and Ned Dearborn, of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago. It is a book of nearly 400 pages, copiously illustrated and is intended to be a manual of economic ornithology for the United States and Canada.

The book ought to interest farmers and agriculturists, as well as students of birds, for it discusses particularly those relations in which birds may serve as the assistants of the farmer, as exterminators of insects. It should also prove attractive to the humane societies, who would do good service by placing it in village libraries and recommending its perusal by young people all over the country.

One of the points upon which the authors lay especial stress is the need of distinguishing harmless birds from the few which are really nuisances. Sapsuckers, for example, are responsible for the slaughter of their innocent relatives, who do not girdle trees, and there are various kinds of hawks, shrikes, and owls, some of which feed upon chickens and some which do not.

Among the many interesting things in the book is an extract from an old chronicle, which proves that more than 300 years ago the value of birds as police was recognized. This is the passage in question:

"About Ballontide last past (1851) in the marshes of Danesey Hundred, in the county of Essex, there suddenly appeared an infinite number of mice, which, overwhelming the whole earth in the sand marshes, did shear and gnawe the grass by the roots, spoyling and tainting the same with their venomous teeth in such sort that the catteil which grazed thereon were smitten with a murrain; which vermine by policy of man could not be destroyed, till at last it came to pass that there flocked together such a number of owls as all the shire was able to yield, whereby the marsh holders were shortly delivered from the vexation of said mice. The like of this was also in Kent."

Nothing but condemnation is given the pothunters who destroy birds for millinery purposes, and much has been written of their depredations, but it is not so well known that many of our song birds are slaughtered and brought to market under the name of reed-birds. It is here stated that a consignment of 2,700 robins in one lot was received by a Washington dealer as game, in the spring of 1897. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

SOME CLEVER IRISH SKETCHES

Good Stories of Life in the Emerald Isle by George Moore.

IN "The Untilled Field" George Moore has written a collection of stories which are just about what one might expect from the author of "Evelyn Innes," dealing with Irish bog-land. This is not saying that they are not clever, for they are; nor that they are not artistic, for they are that, too, in a way. But Mr. Moore is much better fitted, as a novelist, for London streets than for the wastes of rural Ireland, and moreover, in this particular book he appears as a man possessed of an idea, and the results are unlovely. His idea is that the Catholic church is crushing the heart and soul out of the Irish peasantry; and though he does not suggest any substitute for the church, he states in unqualified terms again and again that the influence of the priest will be the death of the Irish race.

One does not exactly see the logic of this, since by the novelist's own account the Irish are getting away from the conditions which he describes by emigrating to America, where the race is certainly not dying out, and where it is certainly about as religious as is in any way necessary. Two things may account for Mr. Moore's somewhat melancholy view of Ireland—one, that he is not by nature fitted to see much that is interesting in the lives of poor peasants; the other, that some of the evils which he lays to the priesthood are probably caused by the climate and the poverty of the soil. Other countries, not church-ruled, are sending immigrants to America in great numbers, and after all, if the Irish people live and increase in this country, keeping their pride in their race, as they generally do, the race is certainly not lost. There seems on the whole no reason for him to be quite so much like a banshee about it.

One thing is certain, the Catholic church in Ireland will not love Mr. Moore for his book. Again and again he presents the Irish clergy in an unenviable light—peering over walls to see that no boys and girls are loitering in the lanes, thumping on the door to break up a dance, hopping hastily into a lane to chase home courting lovers, arranging marriages from a mercenary point of view, hounding a pretty girl into exile because she has too many lovers and keeps the parish stirred up, and doing other things of the same sort. If there are any Irish priests in Ireland like the ones pictured by him, it is difficult to see how the quick-witted, warm-hearted, and impulsive Irish peasant either produced them or submitted to them. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

A COUNTRY-HOUSE NOVEL

"Jack Temple" Reappears in Arthur Sherburne Hardy's Latest Novel.

"HIS DAUGHTER FIRST" is the latest novel of Arthur Sherburne Hardy, which is tantamount to saying that it is a thoroughly artistic piece of work. Not so well established, however, is the conclusion that it will be one of the best selling books of the season; yet there are good grounds for believing that it will, and that it will have a steady sale when much of the fiction of the day has been cast aside.

Those who have read "The Wind of Destiny" will recognize Jack Temple and his daughter Mabel among the characters in this book, and will feel that instant and continued liking for Jack which they experienced in reading the earlier book. For the rest they will find in Dolly Kensett a woman quite his equal in attraction and worth, and in Mabel, for the most part, a problem. Unlike the usual problem girls in novels, however, Mabel is intensely interesting, and not less so at the end than at the beginning. In fact, the reader catches himself wishing that there may be another novel, describing Mabel's experiences with her husband after marriage. One is not quite sure what these may have been, but they are certain to be interesting because she is. Even should she settle down into the tamest of matrons, that would be interesting, because throwing further light upon her character. It will be seen by this that Mr. Hardy has achieved an unusual success in his heroine.

The scene of the story is laid for the most part in a country house near New York. Paul Graham, Mrs. Kensett's cousin; Margaret Frazer, his fiancee, and Margaret's stepmother, Laurinda Frazer, make up the rest of the cast, with a few minor characters. Among the latter, Mr. Pearson, a neighboring farmer, is capitally drawn. Mr. Hardy is one of the rare writers who are equally successful whatever they touch, like Midas. His farmers talk like farmers, and his business men like business men; rarest, perhaps, of all, the women in his stories are as natural as the men. The atmosphere, moreover, is so perfectly preserved that one has the feeling of living and moving in the environment which he describes. There are few who have read "The Wind of Destiny" who will ever forget Dinant, or the little country village with its two or three fine houses, where Gladys' life came to its tragic end; few readers of "But Yet a Woman" who can dissociate from the story the little salon in Paris. In like manner the names of Mabel Temple, Reginald Heald, Margaret Warrener, Dolly Kensett, Paul Graham, Jack Temple, will bring to mind the sparkle of winter air and the energetic comfort of a well-ordered country house. This has been advertised as a New York novel, but there is very little of New York in it save in the characters of Jack Temple and his daughter. What there is, however, is pictured with the same unerring touch. This is a book which is a joy to read simply because of the perfection of its style; and it is one which can be read more than once. The art of it is of that kind which is so perfect as to seem no art. Arthur Sherburne Hardy is one of our masters of the American language, and they are few enough for the title to be something of a distinction. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

STORY OF FRENCH CANADA

A Pleasing Narrative Concerning a Priest and His Sister.

"ANNE CARMEL," by Gwendolen Overton, is a story of French Canadian life, possessing somewhat unusual merit. It is practically a story of two people, a priest and his beautiful and wayward sister. The scene is laid in a little French Canadian village, and all the characters except three are drawn from the life of this village. The exceptions are Harnett, Anne's English lover, and the two Thornes, brother and sister, who disturb the peace of mind of the young priest. But the latter, in spite of their important relation to the development of the plot, scarcely count so far as interest is concerned. The attention of the reader is taken up with Jean Carmel and the sister whom he fondly calls "La P'tite Chose."

These two people are vividly human, alive and lovable from first to last, and in the young cure we have a notable addition to the company of French Canadian priests of noble spirit, who have been drawn by one novelist and another. Jean Carmel is of the same stuff as Pere Michaux, of Miss Woolson's creation, Pere Etienne, the gentle village priest of Mr. Howells' "Quality of Mercy," Mary Hartwell Catherwood's Dollier de Casson, and Conan Doyle's Father Joques—different characters enough, but all possessing the sweet-spirited humanity, quick intuition, and unswerving devotion to duty, which seem to mark the joining of Catholic asceticism with French Canadian impulsiveness and vigor. It is a curious fact that in not one novel of French Canada does the village priest appear as anything but an extremely likeable character, it may be, as the author of the novel intimates, that the spirit of Laval, of Jogues, of Breboeuf, of the fiery-spirited Jesuits who by scores sought martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois, has remained to brood over the country they loved, and, softened with the passing of the centuries, has given to the modern French Canadian priest their love of sacrifice and helpfulness, without their love of power. At any rate, that is the way they are painted in current fiction, and Jean Carmel is one of the finest of the company.

Anne herself is one of those women who have changed the history of kingdoms, and her troubles mostly arise from the fact that she is in the wrong place—a thoroughbred among mongrels. The relation of the brother and sister, while a singular theme for a novel, is really the central idea of this fascinating story, and its charm, as here treated, is undeniable. Typical of the style of the book is this passage, in which the priest is described as Anne sees him, on the verge of leaving her old life for one which she dimly sees to be full of misery and restlessness.

"She would remember him as he was now in the years to come. In the dark future which was surely ahead for her she would see the circle of lamplight, the broad shoulders in the cassock, the big, browned hand on the open pages of the book; the rough-cut features, the eyes looking from under heavy brows, keen and direct. She would remember him, too, as he had stood before the altar of the church he himself had built, as he had listened with the patience of strength to the garrulous plaints of old men and women; as he had won the confidence of children, as he had entered with real sympathy into the pleasures and sorrows of all the parish—pleasures and sorrows which had never held great interest for her. There would be so much to remember. He had been her sturdy protector in the time of her troublous childhood, when there had been only two considerations which would withhold her from all the sins of infancy—that she had consented to be put upon her honor or that she would be hurting Jean."

Altogether, the author has done a remarkably good piece of work. By a curious coincidence, it might well have received the name of her former novel, "The Heritage of Unrest," for a heritage of unrest is surely the possession of both brother and sister, and of the Englishman who comes to bring them perplexity and trouble. It is the test of a good novel, as of good acting, that certain words and passages stand out in the memory when the story is finished. The salient passage in this book is that at the end of Anne's confession of her love, and of her decision to follow its leading, when she declares herself unfit for his home, and better in some other place. To this the young cure only says:

"Anne, you have said a great many things that have hurt me today, but none so much as this."

It is the key to the man's character, that speech, with its simple-hearted loyalty and love. Jean Carmel is a hero worth having, priest though he may be. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

Her True Vein.

Grace Lathrop Collin, author of "Putnam Place," began her literary career by writing Sunday school stories, and one day, in a fit of energy and good works, she wrote eleven of these things and sent them off. They were all accepted, and she decided that this was her true vein. But the vein seemed to have been exhausted, for never again could she produce an acceptable Sunday school story.

An Epigram on Smith.

Since the appearance of "How Paris Amuses Itself," with its numerous illustrations, the friends of the author, who call him "Berk," have been saying that the book is an answer to the well known query, "Why Smith Left Home."

Gwendolen Overton.

Miss Gwendolen Overton, author of "Anne Carmel," is the daughter of Capt. Gilbert Overton of the army, and has lived in nearly all the army posts of Arizona and New Mexico. For some years she has made her home in Los Angeles.

A Failure in Literature.

An amusing consequence of the success of H. B. Boone and Kenneth Brown in collaborating on novels was discovered by them soon after the appearance of their latest work. A friend of theirs, who is a prominent farmer of the neighborhood, saw them making money and fame and wondered why he could not also write. So he sat him down and wrote an agricultural article and sent it to a farmers' magazine. His article was accepted with thanks—not with money—and with the acceptance came a bill for a three years' subscription which he had neglected to pay, and of which his article had reminded the editor. He has decided that there is no money in literature unless you know how.

A Book on Formosa.

A book on Formosa, containing some 700 pages and nearly 200 illustrations, is soon to appear. It is the work of James W. Davidson, F. R. G. S., United States consul in that island.

Some Carlyle Letters.

More Carlyle letters are to be published, this time the letters of Carlyle to his youngest sister, Jenny.

Some Horse Stories.

A new book of horse stories by David Gray, author of that clever collection "Gallops," is announced among the autumn publications.

A Printer's Contretemps.

The publishers of "Peggy O'Neal," Alfred Henry Lewis' new novel, published at the same time other books. As the publisher was reading some proof he came upon this curious statement in the last chapter of the novel:

"'Have you killed him?' said Peggy, with a saw in her hand. The girl was a plank twelve inches by fourteen feet long, with five nails at each corner."

Upon investigation it was found that "Peggy O'Neal" and a "Manual of Carpentry" had become mixed in the composing room.

Mr. Howells' Summer.

William Dean Howells has left New York for his summer home at Kittery Point, Maine, where he will remain until late autumn. He is at work on a new book.

An Author in the Woods.

Stewart Edward White, author of "Conjuror's House," has gone for a trip on horseback into the wilds of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. He will be gone three months, and will explore the redwood country.

A New Book by Hyne.

"Thompson's Progress," a new story by Cutcliffe Hyne, is to appear in a short time. The hero begins life as a poacher.

A Well-Known Illustrator.

E. Boyd Smith, the artist who made the illustrations for Andy Adams' "Log of a Cowboy," was born in New Brunswick, but considers himself a Bostonian, having come to that country at the age of six. He lived and studied for twelve years in France, and since his return to this country has spent much time in the West, traveling on foot among the Rocky Mountains and studying the country and the life there.

A New Fairy Book.

"The Outlook Fairy Book," which will appear in the early fall, is made up of stories old and new, and contains some tales from French and German sources which have not before appeared in English. It will be illustrated by J. Conacher.

Tenement Houses in New York.

"Tenement House Conditions in New York" is the title under which the report of the tenement house commission of 1900 will be published. It will be largely the work of Mr. De Forest, commissioner of charities in New York city.

China Under the Allies.

A new book on China is "The Land of the Boxers; or, China under the Allies," by Capt. Gordon Casserly. It is published by Longmans.

More Love Letters.

The epidemic of publishing private letters has led to the publication of "Love Letters of Margaret Fuller," with an introduction by Julia Ward Howe. There is nothing scandalous in these letters; indeed, nothing extraordinarily sentimental, but nobody with a proper sense of the sacredness of personal privacy can read two pages of them without feeling that they ought not to have been published. They are letters intended by the writer for the eye of but one person, and should have been burned at her death. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

Stage Life.

"Letters of an Actress" is a book of miscellaneous epistles published anonymously, with the evident intention of piquing the public curiosity. We are assured that the writer is really a well-known actress, and that the letters are genuine. From their allusions and slang the lady is undoubtedly English. But they are not interesting enough to inspire any great desire to know who she is. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.)

A New Edition of Thackeray.

A new addition of the works of Trackeray is coming out, and the first volume —"The Great Hoggarty Diamond"—is already off the press. It is to be known as the Dent edition, and is in small volumes, with olive green covers and illustrations by C. E. Brock. Mr. Brock's drawings are quite in the spirit of the text, and a particularly cunning touch of workmanship is to be found in the fly-leaves, which are bordered with tiny Thackerayan figures. The edition would have been improved, however, by increased width of margins. (New York: The Macmillan Company. London: J. M. Dent & Co.)

IN THE FROZEN NORTH.

"THE SACRIFICE OF THE SHANNON," by W. Albert Hickman, is a story of the St. Lawrence and of the Gulf, of Nova Scotia and ice fields, and therefore proper reading for summer days. It would be as good as living in a refrigerator, if one could only realize it.

The hero and heroine, of course, are the cream of the story—ice cream, if one dare say it. They are certainly too sweet and good for human nature's daily food. Anybody so enthusiastically perfect as Miss Gertrude MacMichael never dawned on human vision yet. Anybody so able as David Wilson would be at the head of all the syndicates in the world by this time. He is not only able, he is improbable.

But for all that, the book is fairly interesting, and the perfections of its hero and heroine are common to all mankind—in fiction. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.)